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# NBC

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PROGRAM TITLE

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

#163

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

( 12:30-1:30 PM )

WCFL

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DATE

( FRIDAY )

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: Ranger Song.

ANNOUNCER: Within some of our national forests there wild inaccessible areas where the difficulties of travel and the absence of man-made conveniences has caused the average run of man to turn back. Into these places go only those hardy individuals possessed of the pioneer spirit that impels them to seek the hinterland where nature is in the raw and life is primitive and man's life and comforts depend largely on his own efforts. In order that some of these areas may be preserved in their primitive condition to challenge the pioneer spirits of this and future years the Forest Service has designated them Primitive Areas. All of the usual forms of improvement are prohibited and insofar as possible everything is preserved in primeval condition.

Two weeks ago Jim Robbins and his good wife Bess started out for a two weeks' camping vacation trip but the emergency relief work called him back to the job and put an end to his vacation. Now the relief camp is in full swing and the leaders in charge have been fully instructed in the work that has been laid out for the crew. So Jim and Jerry have arranged to go on a two days' fishing trip. The objective is Moon Lake which is located in the Primitive Area high up in the Sawtooth Range and is fed by the waters from the glaciers on Scraggy Peak. The lake is stocked with trout and it is reported that the fishing is very good. Bess and Mary are going along. Last night the folks drove as far as they could go by car and made camp on the edge of the Primitive Area and this morning the real trip begins --



JERRY: (OFF, YELLING) All-1-1-1 out - all-11-1 out. Hey you girls going to sleep all day? Wake up and hear the birds sing -

JIM: (OFF, CALLING) Oh - h-h-h Bess.

BESS: (SLEEPY) Yes, Jim -

JIM: Better crawl out of that sleeping bag - the fire's built and the water is boiling.

BESS: Well, go ahead and get breakfast. That's the men's job in camp.

JIM: (COMING UP) Oh, HO! Mutiny in camp. I think that calls for stern measures.

JERRY: That applies to you too young lady -

MARY: Oh, I can't get up, my nose is too cold.

JERRY: (COMING CLOSER) Oh, is that so? I'll soon fix that.

MARY: Jerry! Go way - Jerry Quick don't you dare (MUFFLED SQUEALS AND CALLS FOR HELP) Make 'im stop - oh, Jerry, please -

(JIM AND BESS LAUGH)

JIM: Looks like you spoiled that excuse Jerry.

BESS: You boys go ahead with the breakfast and we'll get right up.

JIM: (GOING OFF) Well, I guess that mutiny is quelled.

JERRY: Yeah, a little rough treatment is good for 'em.

MARY: Oh is that so? Just for that I wont get up.

JERRY: (COMING UP) Did you say wont?

MARY: (SQUEALING) Oh yes I will, I will.

JERRY: (LAUGHING - GOING OFF) Well, you better make it snappy or I'll come back - (COMING UP) (FIRE CRACKLING) Well, Jim what'll we have for breakfast?





JIM: (RATTLING COFFEE POT) Oh, I reckon some coffee'n camp. I'll stir up a batch of pan bread. You might get those trout we caught last night. We'll fry them.

JERRY: (RATTLES KETTLE) Boy, those are beauties. All about the same size too. Shall I fry em with the heads on?

JIM: No, cut 'em off. I never could see any reason to cook the heads, we don't eat 'em.

JERRY: All right - off they come.

JIM: Hand me that sack of flour.

JERRY: Sure (GRUNTS) Here.

JIM: Thanks.

JERRY: What you going to mix the bread in - everything is in use?

JIM: Right in the top of the sack. This is the only way to mix hot bread in camp. First you roll the top of the bag back to expose the flour and with your fist you make a deep bowl in the flour. So - now hand me that can of lard. Say, melt a couple of tablespoonsful in a cup. - I'll open a can of milk. (STABS A CAN TWICE)

JERRY: The lard' melted - what'll I do with it?

JIM: Pour it in the hole in the flour -

JERRY: Okay - I hope you know what you're doing?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) The only way to make good hot bread. Now I'll put in four teaspoons of baking powder and half a spoonfull of salt and some milk - There! I guess that's about right. Now I'll mix it gently with my fingers 'till it picks up enough flour to make a soft dough.



BESS: (COMING UP) Well, I see the cooks are hard at work.

MARY: (COMING UP) Mr. Robbins, what on earth are you doing with that flour?

JIM: Making bread.

BESS: That's the way Jiz always makes it in camp.

JIM: There! you mix it just stiff enough so it will stick together in a ball.

MARY: It isn't very sanitary -

JIM: Oh, it's very sanitary (CHUCKLES) You see nothing except human hands touch it 'till it's ready to bake. Push that frying pan over here, Jerry - (RING OF FRYING PAN) - Now, I carefully lift the dough over into the pan and press it down to an even thickness. There! Now we'll set it on the coals to bake.

MARY: How can you bake it that way?

BESS: It bakes first on the bottom while the dough rises. Then he tilts it up in front of the fire to bake the top. It really makes good bread. (SIZZLING OF FRYING PAN)

MARY: And look at Jerry frying fish! My, don't they smell good!

JERRY: Sleep warm last night, Mary?

MARY: Warm as toast - all except my nose. It almost froze.

JERRY: Want me to rub it some more?

MARY: (CROSSLY) No, I don't want it rubbed some more! (THEN SOFTLY) But you might kiss me if you've got time.

JERRY: (COMING UP BRISKLY) Have I got time-



BESS: (LAUGHS)

JIM: Hey there young fellow, you stop your lally-gallying and tend to those fish. If you let them burn -

BESS: You let them alone - it would be a good thing if you showed a little more affection once in a while yourself.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Want me to drop this coffee pot and rush to your side?

BESS: No! Go on with your cooking.

MARY: Oh Jerry, I'll help you fry the fish.

JERRY: I guess they're about ready to turn.

MARY: Isn't this fun Mrs. Robbins - cooking over a camp fire and sleeping out of doors on ground?

BESS: Yes, I've always loved it. We used to camp but so much.

MARY: I woke up last night and looked up at the stars. I never saw them so brilliant before. Every star was flashing and they seemed so near and yet so far away -

JERRY: That's because the air is so clear up here.

MARY: And wasn't it quiet? It almost seemed that I could hear the stars.

BESS: Did those coyotes bother you this morning?

MARY: I didn't hear any coyotes.

BESS: It was just coming daylight. Sounded like there was a whole pack of them.

JIM: Yeah, there were only about two of them - but they gave us a good serenade.



MARY: Oh, I wish I had heard them.

JERRY: The fish are done.

JIM: So's the bread -

MARY: Oh doesn't it look lovely? It all puffed up so thick and brown.

JIM: Now we'll pour a little cold water in the coffee to settle it and you can call breakfast. (RATTLE OF GRANITE PLATES AND KNIVES AND FORKS as Bess lays them out on the ground)

BESS: Here are the plates and things.

MARY: My, but I'm hungry -

JERRY: So am I. Here, let me give you a speckled beauty.

MARY: It is a speckled beauty - look at the blue and red spots.

JERRY: Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Yes, thanks, Jerry.

JERRY: Jim?

JIM: Go ahead Jerry - I'll get mine later. Here, Mary, Have some bread.

MARY: How do you cut it?

JIM: You don't cut this kind - you just grab hold and break off a chunk. Look out it's hot.

MARY: Isn't it lovely? - So light and nice.

JIM: Yep, it's the very best, if I do say it. Bess, have some bread?

BESS: You did do a good job on it Jim - isn't scorched a bit.

JIM: Just a wee nite on the bottom in the middle. Must of set it on an extra hot coal.





JERRY: Well today it's Moon Lake or bust.

JIM: We want to get started right away too - it's a long hard trail up there.

BESS: How far is it, Jim?

JIM: About 5 miles but it's up 2000 feet and rough going. Lot of slide rock to cross. So as soon as we get cleaned up here we'll just take our fishing tackle and lunch and get started.

MARY: What will we do with our beds and things?

JIM: Oh, roll 'em up and cache 'em under a tree.

MARY: Won't somebody steal them?

JIM: No, the people who come up in this country don't steal. If they happened to be hungry they might dig into the grub and have something to eat but they would leave a note and say thanks.

JERRY: You sure there's fish in that lake?

JIM: Yep. Put 'em there myself - 'bout ten years ago and did we have a time? I 'speck that's about the only horses ever been up to Moon Lake. We had to build trail across some of the slide rock to get 'em there.

JERRY: How do you know they're still in there? May have been all fished out by now.

JIM: I was talking with that old prospector that lives over in Sunlight Basin. He claims there's trout in there that will go ten pounds or better.



JERRY: Well, if I can hook onto a five pounder, I'll be satisfied.

MARY: I hope I can catch one too.

JIM: Well, if they're biting the way he says they do, we'll all get good fishing so let's get busy and get started.

(FADEOUT - MUSIC)

FADE IN

JERRY: (OFF) (CALLS) How are you coming, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: I'm about all in, Jerry. You children will have to wait a minute.

MARY: (OFF) Of course we will. - Come up here - This big rock makes a fine seat.

BESS: I don't know if I'll ever get there.

JIM: Come on Bess, I'll boost you along. - Here, grab hold, I'll pull you up. (PAUSE) There, now, sit down, - we'll take five.

JERRY: It isn't much farther is it, Jim? This country looks different every time I see it.

JIM: That's because it's natural - no man-made land marks. The lake is right over that hump.

JERRY: (OFF) Yes, I see it now. - It's only a few steps to the top, Mrs. Robbins, let's go up there where we can see the lake, and tie-in the country while we rest.

BESS: You folks go on - I'll come later.

MARY: We'll not do anything of the kind, Mrs. Robbins. We'll wait 'till you're ready.



BESS: No - I'll try to go that far. - Come on.

JERRY: Give me your hand - I'll help you.

MARY: Give me the other one.

JIM: (LAUGHS) I'll push. - Go ahead, Jerry. (ALL LAUGH)

JERRY: There we are. - Now you can sit down, Mrs. Robbins. Let's have a smoke, Jim. Here Mary, this rock is a good seat.

MARY: I don't want to sit down. - I want to look. - Gee, I've been lots of places in the mountains, but I never say anything like this.

JIM: No - you'll go along ways, Mary, before you find a place like this. It's just like it was the day the world was created.

BESS: It's wonderful, Jim. - I'm awfully glad I came now. - Isn't that lake beautiful, Mary?

MARY: It surely is. It looks like a mirror set in a frame of gray granite stone.

BESS: Jim, why don't you and Jerry go on down and begin fishing?

JIM: No, we'll wait for you, Bess.

BESS: Well, let's go then. - I want some fish for supper, and I want some of that lunch as soon as we get down to the water.

MARY: I'm about starved, too.

JERRY: Come on then, I'm so anxious to get to fishing I don't want a stop to eat now. (PAUSE) Here's the lunch, Mary. - Get me out a sandwich while I set up my rod.

JIM: Better put on your sweaters girls, that wind is cool up here. - Get me out a sandwich too, Mary. - Bet I catch the first one Jerry.



JERRY: You're on, old-timer. - What in thunder did I do with that reel? - Oh, here it is - (LAUGHS) Gosh, I thought I'd lost it. What you gonna use, Jim?

JIM: Black gnat and gray hackle, Jerry, just as an experiment to see what their biting. - All right son, I'm off.

JERRY: I'm with you.

MARY: Aren't you going to eat these sandwiches first?

JERRY: (OFF) Not 'till we catch this first fish. Go on and eat tho if you're hungry. - Gee, Jim, the water's just right - look at the riffles.

JIM: It looks like good fishing water, all right. Well, here goes. (PAUSE) Darn the luck.

JERRY: I saw the splash. (LAUGHS) Missed him, didn't you? (YELLS) I've got one.

JIM: Not 'till it's in the bag, son. Be careful, they're pretty good sized. - Wow - got you that time, old boy.

MARY: (COMING UP) Oh, Jerry, you've caught one.

JERRY: I've got him hooked if I can land him. - Jim has one too.

MARY: Oh, be careful. (CALLS) Come here, Mrs. Robbins. They've each got one.

BESS: (COMING UP) My, they're big ones, aren't they?

MARY: Why don't you putt it out, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Too big - gotta play him out first. Wish I'd brought my dip-net. Stand over a little, Bess. I'll land him on that flat rock.





MARY: Hurry, Jerry, he's going to beat you.

JIM: Time, Jerry, I've got him out.

JERRY: Same here. (YELLS) Grab it, Mary. (LAUGHS) Gosh! I thought I'd lost it.

MARY: (LAUGHS) You would have too, if I hadn't been there. - I guess you win, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (LAUGHS) No - let's call it a tie and go eat.

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks I'm sorry we have to leave that fishing party. I just wish I was up there trying my luck too, don't you?

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with you again next Friday. This program was presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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